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# Under a Neon Sky



cyberpunk heist

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## Chapter 1 by Harlander

Sammy didn't like to think of himself as a criminal. Sure, the police databases of a dozen old-fashioned countries had him listed as a 'facilitator', a 'logistics specialist', whatever. He preferred the more classic term 'fixer', and he thought of himself as a professional.

His clients were always anonymous, hidden behind names like Johnson or Smith. People who wanted something done without getting their own hands dirty. He'd put them in touch with a team who could get the job done and walk away with a nice percentage as a finder's fee.

A message appeared on one of the various darknet sites used for this kind of business. A rarer kind of job - an extraction. The biggest businesses were like countries unto themselves, and they treated their most talented workers like something between rock stars and slaves.

Ingridr Federicksdottir was one such worker, a high-grade researcher in OPUS Technologies' upstart biochip division. The ZikZak Corporation was jealous of her skills, and hoped to encourage her to change employers. Her actual agreement was a secondary concern.

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This was a job for the A-Team.

He would have to lie to them of course. They always considered themselves the "good guys." It would be easy enough to convince them the opposite of what was true. Simply he would need to explain that it was OPUS who had kidnapped Ingridr, and that she needed to be rescued and returned to ZikZak Corp. then he could just sit back and watch the fireworks.

Moments later he had already sent out an email to the A-Team. It was just a matter of time til' the coded response would come. Sammy could already feel his wallet getting fatter.

### Chapter 3 by Harlander



You all know the story of the A-Team. They're practically rock stars.

Convicted by an Ares Macrotechnology tribunal for crimes they did not commit, they escaped from a high security stockade into the Neo-San Francisco underground.

They make a living of soldiers of fortune. Not your average 'runners, though. They've got a strong moral code - won't even take corporate jobs. Making the Federicksdottir case look like a civilian job was a bit fiddly.

Sammy'd used the name of Ingridr's husband as the 'client'. It wouldn't stand up to close inspection, but the A-Team probably wouldn't look too deep into it, and... **ding**. The reply came back right away. The A-Team were in.

### Chapter 4 by lysander



Really, the A-Team was made of legends.

Really dumb ones.

Put them in a mission and they were worth a hundred times their weight in basic infantrymen, but boy, any time outside of that and they were more like glorified siblings. Case and point: The

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Sammy sipped his coffee, watching them make their way to his table. He scanned them, counted them briefly.

There was Don, the heavy-duty rifleman. He specialized in heavy artillery, specifically things like bazookas, long-range sniper rifles, anything that was too big or too strong for a normal person to use. Thanks to his huge, meaty stature, this also made him really good at punching things. Sammy did his research ahead of time, of course: his hobbies included building guardbots that resembled roombas with knives taped to them. He was not very good at it.

Next was Eun-chul, the daughter of a famous overseas businessman who ran away to join the army. She was, uh. Something of a loose cannon and a glass cannon put together. It was rumored that the pressure of living up to her father's expectations essentially made her snap, which created the happy-go-lucky, knife-toting, trigger-happy assassin known today. She was good at taking people out. She was not so good at being subtle about it.

Then there was Vincent, whose bloodline traced all the way back to ancient times, when Africa was a thing that apparently existed. He was bookish, loved researching, and was a masterful technician and hacker. If Vincent was on your team, there was a 99.999999 percent chance he could get you into any system, thirty minutes tops. On the downside, he was also extremely sensitive whilst having an inflated ego. He often refused clients because they were "looking at him weird" as the other members said.

Sammy frowned. There were two missing. Eun-chul, who was cussing out Don moments before, cracked her knuckles. "Oh, Mallory and Alex will be here soon. I think they might've gotten lost."

"I think Alex was driving, yeah?" came Vincent's voice. "I think he's directionally challenged."

Eun chimed, "Vince, you remember that one mission where he got lost in the enemy base for three hours?"

Apparently, Alex only managed to find his way through thanks to the corpses of soldiers he left

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